

# THE LITERARY CASKET:

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### THE REFLECTOR.

#### MORALIZING.

I cannot count the changes of my heart,  
So often has it turned away from things  
Once idols of its being ;—they depart—  
Hopes, fancies, joys, illusions—as if wings  
Were given from their former selves to start :  
Or if they linger, longer life but brings  
Weariness, canker, holiness, and stain,  
Till the heart says of pleasure, it is pain.

And thus it is with all that made life fair :—  
Gone with the freshness which they used to wear,  
"Is sad to mark the ravage which the heart  
Makes of itself,—how one by one depart  
The colors that formed hope. We seek—we find  
And find the charm has with the search declined.  
Affections—pleasures—all in which we trust—  
What do they end in ?—Nothing, or disgust.

Think no more of that sweet time,  
When the heart and cheek were young,—  
Think no more of that sweet time  
Ere the veil from life was flung.  
Still the cheek shews the young rose,  
Which its beauty had of yore ;  
But the bloom upon the heart  
Is no more.

We have mingled with the false,  
Till belief has lost the charm  
Which it had when life was new,  
And the pulse of feeling warm.  
We have had the bosom wrung  
When dropt the mask which Friendship wore,  
Affection's trusting happiness  
Is no more.

We have seen the young and gay  
Dying as the aged die ;  
Miss we not the cheerful voice ?—  
Miss we not the sunny eye ?  
Wishes take the place of Hope ;—  
Hope hath dreamed till dreams are o'er ;—  
Its freshness made life fresh, and that  
Is no more.

Take away your purple bowl ;—  
What is left to greet it now ?—  
Loathing lip that turns away,  
Sullen eye, and weary brow ;—  
Social joys that wont to laugh,—  
Mirth that lit its purple store,—  
Friends with whom we poured its wealth,—  
Are no more.

L. E. L.

*Extract from a Funeral Sermon by Robert Hall.*

"To that state all the pious on earth are tending ; and if there is a law, from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God.—The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward ; every thing presses on towards eternity ; from the birth of time, an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean.—Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature ; is enriching itself by the spoils of earth ; and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine ; leaving nothing for the last fire to consume, but the objects and the

slaves of concupiscence ; while every thing which grace has prepared and beautified, shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city, ' which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'

We have observed in several newspapers a kind of writing which we think cannot be approved by correct religious feeling. The politics or the occurrences of the day are narrated in the style and language of Scripture. We are presented with chapters of chronicles, made in form and phraseology to correspond with the "Chronicles of the Kings of Israel." The practice is pernicious. It burlesques the language of the sacred records, connects with them ludicrous associations, and is attended with no possible good. The serious are grieved, the young injured. The mind whose taste has not been corrupted, could derive no entertainment from the perusal of such mimicry, and we hope that no editor who respects the Bible will give communications of this character a place in his columns.—*Christian Register.*

When I see a man openly professing friendship, and know him in secret to level arrows of vengeful insinuations, I avoid him more than the adder, for his venom is more envenomed.

#### EXTRACT—FROM CHALMERS.

Who has not felt the workings of a rivalry within him between the power of conscience and the power of temptation ? Who does not remember those seasons of retirement, when the calculations of eternity had gotten a momentary command over the heart ; and time with all its vexations had dwindled into insignificance before them ? And who does not remember how upon his actual engagement with the objects of time, they resumed a control ; as great and omnipotent as if all the importance of eternity adhered to them—how they emitted from them such an impression upon his feelings, as to fix and to fascinate the whole man into a sub serviency to their influence ?

Oh ! how comes it, that in the face of all this experience, the whole elevation of purpose, convinced in this hour of his better understanding, should be dissipated and forgotten ? Whence the night, and whence the mystery of the spell, which so blinds and so infatuates us to the world ? what prompts us to embark the whole strength of our eagerness and our desires in pursuit of interests which we know a few years will bring to utter annihilation ? Who is it that imparts to them all the colour of an unfading durability ? who is it that throws such an air of sublimity over these earthly tabernacles or makes them look to the fascinated eye of man like resting places for eternity ? Who is it that so pictures out the objects of sense, and so magnifies the range of their future enjoyment, and so dazzles the fond and deceived imagination, that in looking onward through our earthly career, it appears like the vista, or the perspective of innumerable ages ? He who is called the god of

this world. He who can dress the idleness of its waking dreams in the garb of reality. He who can pour a seducing brilliancy over the panoramas of its fleeting pleasures and vain anticipations. He who can turn it into an instrument of deceitfulness ; and make it wield such an absolute ascendancy over all the affections, that man becomes the poor slave of its idolatries and its charms, puts the authority of conscience and the warning of the word of God, and the offered instigations of the Spirit of God, and all the wisdom of his own sound and sober experience away from him. But this wondrous contest will come to a close. Some will return to their loyalty and others will keep by their rebellion : and in the day of winding up the drama of this world's history, there will be made manifest to the myriads of the various orders of creation, both the mercy and the vindicated majesty of the Eternal.

### HISTORY.

The following "Sketch of Constantinople," which has been furnished to us, says the Washington Journal, by an esteemed friend, is by Count Dattili de La Tour, the Sardinian Consul, now residing at Algiers, recently Consul at Odessa, of which city we have reason to expect, for publication, from his observations while there, much interesting statistical and commercial information.

*Sketch of the City of Constantinople.*

Excepting a few edifices of public utility, the picturesque and beautiful views which it presents, and the manner of its inhabitants, differing from those of the most civilized nations, Constantinople does not engage the interest that may have been felt, for a city of such ancient renown. This populous city, with its suburbs, spread over seven hills, presents a perfect amphitheatre ; and in approaching it from the Propontas or sea of Marmora, the panoramic view is enchanting. This picture is diversified by houses, mosques, cupolas and minarets ; and the trees which are every where interspersed, afford an agreeable contrast, by their verdant foliage.

The Bosphorus separates Europe from Asia ; and its extent from Leander's tower, which is built in the sea, at the entrance of the port, to the Black Sea, is five leagues. The town of Scutari stands on the Asiatic coast, immediately opposite to Constantinople. Both sides of this channel, which furnish the most beautiful sites, are embellished with innumerable villas, and pleasure houses, of tasteful construction, but exhibiting mannerism. Four of these villas are occupied by the Grand Seigneur during the pleasant season. The most elegant of these palaces, is the *Bschik-tach* (tower of stone) which is situated near the city, and at the extremity of the channel, and is the favorite summer residence of the Sultan. This country derives its loveliness from nature, and is but little indebted to the improvements of art.

The interior of the city is disgusting in the extreme, presenting to the eye nothing but wooden houses, narrow and crooked streets and great numbers of filthy dogs, which superstition preserves.

The monuments and objects worthy of notice, are few. There are a bronze column which supported the golden tripod consecrated to Apollo by the Greeks ; after the defeat of Xerxes at Platea ; a very high marble column, erected in honor of Theodosius the Great ; and an obelisk in the hippodrome, which was transported from Egypt, and is in perfect preservation. The Turks call this place *Atmeidon*. There are numerous foun-

sins, well supplied with water, which is conveyed to the city by aqueducts. The architecture of the moschs gives them fine effect: that of St. Sophia is remarkable. This temple has been built since the sixteenth century, by the architect Anthemius and Ixidor; it is vast in its dimensions, and has columns of every variety of size, of costly marble.

The *Serail*, which is one of the first objects that present themselves on arriving at the city, possesses nothing very attractive. The three palaces of which it consists, are in the midst of gardens which are enclosed by a high wall. They extend one league, from the port to the Imperial chateau of seven towers, which is the abode of prisoners of State. Within the enclosure of the *Serail*, there are nearly ten thousand persons residing, who belong to the service of the Sultan.

The famous porte (*gate*) from which this Empire derives its name is in the interior of the city, and near to St. Sophia. Here are exposed the heads of the unfortunate victims of intrigue, jealousy, avarice, and other baleful passions. Constantinople extends six leagues, and contains a population estimated at 600,000. Opposite to the city, are the faubourgs of *Top-Khana, Pera, Galata, and Kachim Pacha*. The largest are *Pera* and *Galata*, which are inhabited by foreigners of different nations, who are called *Franks*. They enjoy the protection of the government: *Pera* is the most commercial, and is the residence of the Ambassadors from European courts. The Dragomans, who are interpreters accredited by the government, belong to the best Frank families of this faubourg, who have been for a long time naturalized in Turkey. These Dragomans are divided into several classes. The functions of the first, are of the highest trust and importance, for they communicate between the foreign ministers and those of the Ottoman Porte, in all matters. This office requires a perfect knowledge of various languages, and of the usages and policy of the Turks. There are three churches of the Catholic faith. The college of the *Itch-Oglans*, is the nursery of the Sultan's pages, where they are educated until they enter the service of the *Serail*.

Forests of cypress, in the environs of the city and faubourgs, shade cemeteries, which are called by the Turks, *champs-des-morts*. Through the sombre and mournful foliage of these umbrageous trees, rise a vast number of sepulchral stones, and marble sarcophagi.—In these seats of gloom, it is impossible to view with indifference the pious sympathy and grief of the Musselmans, who are seen watering the flowers and young cypress, that are to decorate the family tomb. For the dead, the orientals attest the deepest respect. The Armenian cemetery, on the contrary, is the most frequented promenade of Constantinople. Here, the beau mode, Turks excepted, repair to enjoy the rural pleasures, and wander among the tomb-stones, forgetful at once, of the death which they commemorate, and of the sorrows which it has caused.

The harbour separates the town and its suburbs, and extends about four leagues to the sweet springs, which is a favourite resort of the Grand Seigneur. The basin is always covered with vessels and innumerable batteaux. The arsenal, situated on the right side of the harbour, and in the extreme suburb, is a well constructed building. There were nearly forty vessels of war at this place, but in bad condition. The breadth of the harbour and canal is nearly four hundred fathoms.

There are in this city a great number of coffee houses, where the indolent Turks resort, and continue smoking their pipes the whole day, sitting with crossed legs, and rarely uttering a word. This grave deportment is peculiar to the oriental character. Among the Turkish places of *Pera*, that of *Tekke* is remarkable; deriving its name from a neighbouring convent of Dervishes. The *Dervishes meulervis*, Turkish monks, are dependent on their principal convent at *Cogna*, a town of Asia Minor. They inhabit a fine house, and live in common. Within this house, there is a circular chapel, with a double gallery for spectators who assist at the dance which these monks, according to their rites perform every Tuesday and Friday. The Dervishes assemble near the balustrade in the centre of the chapel, and seat themselves on their haunches. While in this position a hymn is sung for half an hour, accompanied by a Persian flute, called a *nir*. After this, the monks salute their *cheik* or superior very reverently, and at the first signal, they commence waltzing, and continue this dance for half an hour with most astonishing rapidity; and such is the force of habit, that they are never rendered giddy. The Dervishes preach discourses, and observe a rigorous fast

every Thursday. They make vows of poverty, chastity and humility; but their virtue in the two first is not always severe. The dress of the *Dervishes meulervis* is very simple, consisting of a cylindric cap of grey felt, a waistcoat, white petticoats and a cloak of greyish cloth.

The beautiful Georgians, and lovely Circassians, victims to the cruel jealousy of their masters, are constantly confined to the *Harem*, which is esteemed the sacred part of a house. It, however, fortune should throw one of these enchanting creatures in the way, their black stag-eyes may be seen through the *Jachmack*, which envelopes their head and face, leaving but a small opening for those brilliant eyes. They are kept by the ministers, and wealthier classes. The slaves of the Grand Seigneur, who are never gazed on by other eyes, are guarded by black eunuchs, the most frightful of beings, under command of their chief the *Kislar-Aga*, a high officer, and an important personage in the empire.

The other Turkish women are not so much restrained, as may be supposed. They are seen walking every where, but never with men, and always covered with the *Jachmack* like the pretty Georgians. They possess the agreements of their sex, without being remarkably handsome. They speak with great ease and elegance, and with a bewitching softness.

The Ottoman government evinces great solicitude to maintain order and public tranquility. This is due to the sacred principle, that laws are the primary necessities of a people, and the glory of a sovereign.

The Turks are a sober people, and are capable of suffering; they are hospitable, faithful, generally active, penetrating and covetous of knowledge; superstitious in the extreme, but zealous for their religion. They pray five times every day, and when the hour for these is announced, they abandon the most important business. Their priests, who are called *imans* and *muezzins*, notify these hours of prayer from the minarets upon the moschs, and the Turks fall upon their knees, with their faces towards Mecca. In their adoration, they often bow their heads to the ground. The Musselmans rigorously observe a fast called the *Ramadan*, the name of their lunary month. They are obliged to abstain from all sorts of food, from water, coffee and the pipe, which is a grievous privation, from the rising to the setting of the sun. The *bairam*, which answers to Easter, terminates this fast; and for three days, every body is engaged in *donaamia* (feasts and rejoicings.) Seventy days after this, another feast is celebrated, called *courban-bairam*, or *id-ad-hha*, which signifies the feast of sacrifices.

The arts, sciences, industry, and almost all the happy results of civilization, are estranged to this delightful country. The exclusive fanaticism and intolerance of the Mahometans and their policy, prevent them from using those beneficial lights which are interchanged among other nations.

The *Mufti* head of the law, and the body of *Ulema*, (savans) entrusted with the interpretation of the koran and the laws, with the administration of justice and public instruction, exercise an extensive and salutary influence over the spirit of a people, who are ever restless, seditious and fierce. They are commonly excited to revolts by the corps of Janissaries, a militia always dangerous to the State, which frequently terminates with the life of the sovereign and of his ministers.

The conquest of this country would not be a difficult enterprise: the defence that could be made would be feeble, except on the side of the sea, where there are well disposed batteries, stretching from the Dardanelles to the Black Sea. The naval and land forces are in the utmost disorder. Without instruction, they are destitute of military spirit and of skillful commanders, and in act, of every thing necessary for defence. These Turks are not the warriors who fought Montecucoli.—They are, however, brave, and sufficiently zealous for their religion to impose it upon an enemy; but they are ignorant of that science of war, without which, valour and enthusiasm are ineffectual.

The present Sultan *Mahmoud*, deserves to be ranked among the most distinguished sovereigns of Turkey.—He is intelligent, active, laborious, of good faith and superintends affairs himself. If he were more liberal in his views, and were supported in them, this country would soon rise to great prosperity. This Monarch is also possessed of extraordinary firmness. This important quality enables him to oppose the dangerous intrigues of his favorites, his honored mistresses, and of his courtesans. The seven *Kadines*, (or married women,) which number is fixed by law, and from whom

the successions to the Empire must descend, are not called *Sultanas*, as is generally supposed. This title is only given to the sisters of the Sultan, his aunts, and cousins. When a new Sovereign ascends the throne, his mother, one of the seven *Kadines*, is then called *Valide*, *Sultana*, and possesses, from that moment, great influence in all the affairs of State.

Sultan *Mahmoud*, is characterized by a noble and inspiring air, and an attractive physiognomy. He visits some one of the Moschs every Friday, to pray. On the occasions here noticed, the pageantry of the Orientals was exhibited, in the magnificence of his dress, and the numbers of his suite. He was attended by some of the Ministers, the *Ulema*, his pages, white and black eunuchs, by the *bastaray* (Royal guard,) the peiks, (body guard,) armed with bows and arrows, and wearing a large casque with flowing white plumes, by the *Solaks* wearing pointed and gilt casques, and carrying a halberd, and by a numerous band of Janissaries. A part of this suite preceded him, some having sweet perfumes, and bearing the utensils of ceremony; others led nine beautiful Arabian horses, superbly caparisoned with harness that was covered with gold, and studded with pearls and diamonds. Then followed two pages, who bore each a turban of the Sultan, which the Turks approached and saluted with as profound respect as they would pay to the Sultan himself. The rest of the suite surrounded the Sovereign, who was mounted, and in a costume sufficiently simple, excepting a plume of large diamonds. This ceremony must be performed by the Sultan, being the Kalf and Chief Iman, however much he may be indisposed. The author of this sketch was informed by a credible person, that a Sultan, some years since, expired on his horse, while proceeding to the Mosque, having been previously very ill, but was compelled to obey this law.

The people generally avail of these occasions to express their discontent. The author has also seen this monarch in the midst of his train, at the *Champ d'ok Meidan*. He was present as the grand master of the archers, in whose exercise he takes great delight, and even prefers it to the chase. The sultan's pages constitute the greatest number of this corps, and in the *Serail* they very frequently employ themselves in arching.

The plague often ravages this country. Conflagrations occur frequently, and in general, arise from the discontent of the people. The law requires the Grand Seigneur to assist on these occasions. Many thousands of houses are usually consumed. Aid and exertions are not wanting, it is true; but they are either too late, or become ineffectual.

The Greeks, Armenians, and Jews constitute a numerous population. The richest of the Greeks, by intrigues and great sacrifices, manage to retire into the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, leaving commerce to other less fortunate persons of their nation.—The Armenians, who are faithful and obedient subjects, amass large fortunes. They enjoy the confidence of ministers and the Turkish lords, who make them their *sarras*, or hankers, and commit to them their affairs.—These Armenians have also the casting of gold and silver coin at the State mint. The Jews who are always commercial and active, are employed by the Government in the service of the customs.

The European ambassadors, the Greek Signors, and the best families of the suburbs of *Pera*, reside during the pleasant season in their country-houses at *Terrapia* and *Buejukdere*, two considerable villages situated on the left bank of the bay formed by the Bosphorus, near the Black Sea.

The facilities afforded to commerce in this country require, perhaps, no extension. A short residence in Constantinople, of three weeks, have furnished the few notices of that city which have been here made.

The greatest burden in the world is superstition, not only of ceremonies in the church, but of imaginary and scarecrow sins at home.—*Millon*.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;  
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

*Harey.*

Most men take least notice of what is plain, as if that were of no use, but puzzle their thoughts and lose themselves in these vast depths and abysses, which no human understanding can fathom.—*Sherlock*.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Switzerland.**—**Switzerland** is the Scotland of Europe; a land that supplies servants—a land to be boasted of by its inhabitants, and quitted. The Swiss, like the Scotch, are all of good families, and of old families; I should like much to see a person from either nation of a bad family, or of a new family; so all persons who follow that branch of the profession of the law are good conveyancers, however dull they may be; I would cheerfully travel one hundred miles on foot through the snow, in the depth of winter, to look at a bad conveyance. The quarrels amongst the different cantons are very ridiculous; each petty state will have its different coinage, to the unspeakable inconvenience of travellers; they cannot agree to have one general money, so cordially do they hate each other. The mutual dislike of the neighbouring inhabitants of Geneva and the Pays de Vaud is extremely strong: a good Vandois, of an old family, complained to me most bitterly of the Genevese, and lamented that they had been turned into Swiss, and their country made one of the cantons; he insisted, in a great rage, that the wretches ought to have been handed over to the King of Sardinia, if he would have accepted of them. It should seem that they endeavoured to prove themselves to be not unworthy of his contempt, by requiring a passport at the gate, before they would permit their fellow countrymen to enter their old town.—*Journal of a Traveller on the Continent.*

**Italy.**—Who can describe the effect of the first view of Italy? It is like a new existence, another world! Yes! Italy, Italy is before us! We are standing on its rich and glorious plains! Three hours have sufficed to transport us from the regions of eternal ice and snow, and the wild deserts of a polar region, to the climes of the sun, the garden of the world, the land of beauty, and luxuriance, and education; of classic remembrance, of taste, of imagination, and of song; of all that can captivate the senses, or charm the soul! There is a luxuriance of life in Italy, which breathes and floats around you, and inspires a feeling wholly unimaginable, if you have not experienced it. You seem placed in the very garden of nature, amidst inexhaustible redundance and unsatiating pleasures. Earth and air, and heaven itself, seem dressed in smiles. Every thing breathes of joy, and laughs in beauty. You cannot speak the transport that swells in your own bosom, and dances through your veins. It is worth while to come to Italy to feel the delicious sensations with which the mere consciousness of existence and the sight of nature fill the heart.

**Picture of a Vineyard.**—We walked into a vineyard, and saw men, women, and children, gathering grapes; they brought their baskets and emptied them, stalks and all, into a large vat, and a man immediately mashed them with a small wooden pail. The mashed grapes had a nasty appearance, like hog-wash, and they did not seem to be particularly cleanly in their mode of dealing with them: a man who was eating grapes, took the skins from his mouth and threw them into the vat, as being a place held less sacred than the ground. I saw children in the streets standing round the vats, and if a grape had escaped being bruised, it was picked out, eaten, and the skin was thrown back into the vat. By means of the small wooden pail, the man filled from

the vat the Swiss pails; (compressed, truncated cones, inverted, which men and women carry on their shoulders;) the persons thus loaded, walk away to a sort of water cart, and going up a short ladder, emptied the vessel of mashed grapes over their heads, as we see the dustmen in London empty their baskets into the carts: these carts were driving about in all directions. We purchased some of the grapes; they were quite ripe and very delicious.—*Journal of a Traveller.*

**Public Opinion.**—At the period when Napoleon was about to leave Paris for his last Austrian war, he reviewed in the square of the Careusal one of the most brilliant assemblages of troops that had ever been collected in Europe. He spent many hours enjoying the effect of his word, or look, in transforming into its various shades, this mighty instrument of dominion over the nations opposed to his will. A witness of the scene relates, that a little dry old man in a rusty wig came near him, and whispered in his ear thus: "Do you see a little bird flitting about the square, and passing in between those columns, and battalions, and squadrons of horses?" "I see no bird," said the man. "But I do clearly," replied the other, "and it is that little bird which will soon overthrow the columns, and the squadrons, and the mind that now directs them." "What do you mean?" said his companion. "I mean," replied he, "that public opinion, in the shape of a little bird, is now flitting between all these military masses, and will, before long, be able to subdue both them and their master." After such a speech, he was soon lost in the crowd, and could never be recognized by his casual acquaintance.

## SCIENTIFIC.

**LITHOGRAPHY.**—As soap forms an essential part of the ink used to trace the designs on stone, it is customary to wash the drawings, before going to press, with a weak solution of nitric acid, which combining with the excess of alkali in the soap, renders the ink in soluble. But the acid solution sometimes attacks also the carbonates, which are a constituent part of the lithographic stones, and the most delicate parts of the drawings are destroyed. This is more particularly the case when the drawings consist of strong and delicate traits, or of a great difference in the intensity of their light and shade, in consequence of the different periods, or of stronger or weaker acids, which are then necessary to decompose the lithographic tints in the different parts of the drawing. To remedy this, M. Ridolfi employs nitrate of lime, perfectly neutral, in lieu of the acid solution, which decomposes the soap without injuring the stone. The nitrate is made by adding to the aqua fortis of the shops, pieces of the lithographic stones reduced to powder, as long as any effervescence arises; it is then weakened by adding rain water, is filtered and preserved for use.

**Combustion of iron in vapour of sulphur.**—If a gun barrel, says Professor Hare, be heated red hot at the butt end, and a piece of sulphur be thrown into it, on closing the mouth with a cork, or blowing into it, a jet of ignited sulphurous vapour will proceed from the touch-hole. Exposed to this, a bunch of iron wire will burn as if ignited in oxygen gas, and will fall down in the form of fused globules, in the state of protosulphur. Hydrate of potash, exposed to the jet, fuses into a sulphuret of a fine red colour.

**SOLVENT FOR PUTTY.**—To move panes of old glass from sashes, spread with a small brush, a little nitric or muriatic acid over the putty, and it will soon become soft, and can be removed without injury to the glass or frame.

## CAUSES OF VOLCANOES.

The illumination cast over the learning of this era, by the discoveries of modern science, is of the most elevating character; and is most satisfactory and gratifying to the aspiring inquirer after truth, who "looks through nature up to nature's God."

The causes of Volcanoes have for ages been deemed amongst the most hidden, as well as among the most terrific wonders of the works of creation. Dr. Daubeny published some years ago, a very interesting work on the igneous origin of basaltic rocks, and has pursued his enquiries upon volcanic subjects with indefatigable industry. An article reviewed in the September No. of the annals of philosophy, gives some highly curious explanations of the causes of Volcanic fires. Suppose the *nucleus* of the earth to be combinations of alkaline and earthly metalloids, with sulphur, and possibly carbon, together with iron, and the more common metals—a perpetual decomposition is going on, wherever air and water have any access to these substances. Where the latter of these agents is of sufficient amount, the changes go on rapidly, as heat is evolved by the process; and if the air gains admission, the disengaged vapours unite so as to form water; and thus contribute to the further progress of these phenomena.—The heat produced increases to a high temperature, and dissolves those refractory masses which are subsequently thrown up by the eruptions, either melted, and consequently fluid, or more or less separated, and in the form of ashes. The rains and snows which descend from the atmosphere, on the tops of mountains, and percolate through the crevices of rocks, facilitate the volcanic action; and it long ago occurred to us whether volcanic eruptions, which generally take place at considerable elevations, do not receive the propelling impulse which lifts their ponderous matters to such immense heights and pours their liquified masses in such amazing torrents over their sides, from the *steam* that is generated in the subterraneous fountain, formed by the collections of water in their secret caverns.

**TRANSMISSION OF SOUND.**—The extreme facility with which sounds are heard at a considerable distance, in severely cold weather, has often been a subject of remark: but a circumstance occurred at Port Bowen, which deserves to be noticed, as affording a sort of measure of this facility, or at least of conveying to others some definite idea of the fact. Lieutenant Foster having occasion to send a man from the observatory to the opposite shore of the harbour, a measured distance of 6,696 feet, or about one statute mile and two-tenths, in order to fix a meridian mark, had placed a person half way between, to repeat his directions; but he found on trial that this precaution was unnecessary, as he could, without difficulty, keep up the conversation with the man at the distant station.—*Parry's Voyages.*

## THE REPOSITORY.

## FEMALE HEROISM.

\*\*\*\* She was the individual who distinguished herself so nobly at Matagorda, near Cadiz, while the French were besieging the latter place in 1810. Her husband was then a serjeant in the 94th regiment, and one of the detachments that occupied that fort, when the French bombarded it with thirty pieces of cannon. It may be easily conceived what havock would be created by so much artillery playing upon a place not more than a hundred yards square, and it may also be imagined that few women could have maintained ordinary courage or self possession in such a place; but from the commencement of the action she behaved in a manner which it is scarcely in my power to do justice to. The bomb proofs being too small to contain the whole garrison, some of the men had huts formed on the battery, and among the rest was that of Mrs. R—. When the French opened upon us, she was awakened out of her sleep by a 24 pound shot striking the fascine where her head lay; but nothing daunted, she got up and removed her child, a boy about four years old, down to the bomb proof, and assisted the surgeon in dressing the wounded men, who were fast increasing on his hands, for which purpose she tore up her own linen and that of her husband. Water being needed, one of the drum boys was desired to go and draw some from the well in the battery; but he did not seem much inclined to the task; and was lingering at the door with the bucket dangling in his hand. "Why don't you go for water?" said the surgeon. "The poor thing's frightened," said Mrs. R—, "and no wonder at it; give it to me and I'll go for it." So saying she relieved the drummer from the perilous duty, and amid the dreadful discharge of artillery playing on the battery, she let down the vessel to fill it with water.

She had scarcely done so, when the rope was cut by a shot; but she determined to get her message with her, and, begging the assistance of a sailor, she recovered the bucket and brought it filled with water down to the bomb proof, where her attention to the wounded soldiers was beyond all praise. In the intervals, she carried sand bags for the repair of the battery, handed along ammunition, and supplied the men at the guns with wine and water; and when the other two women, who had been in hysterics in one of the bomb proofs, from the time the action commenced, were leaving the battery, she refused to go.

Next morning, our ammunition being expended, we ceased firing, and the French seeing the dilapidated state of the fort, sent down a strong force to take possession of the place, and our men were mustered for their reception, when Mrs. R— was at the post with the others, determined to share in the danger. It was a critical moment, for, had they got under the range of our guns, our efforts would have been unavailing. Through the ruinous state of the fort, three guns, all that we could bring to bear upon them, were crammed with loose powder, grape, ball cartridge, &c. to the muzzle, ready for a farewell shot, and when they came within two or three hundred yards of the fort, we pour-

ed their contents into the very heart of the column, and laid the half of them prostrate on the earth. Those who survived took to flight, their batteries again opened, and a fresh supply of ammunition having arrived for us, we returned their salutes; but the place being found untenable, the surviving part of the garrison was withdrawn by the boats of our fleet.

Mrs. R— still exhibited the same undaunted spirit; she made three different journeys across the battery for her husband's necessaries and her own.

The last was for her child, who was lying in the bomb proof. I think I see her yet, while the shot and shells were flying thick around her, bending her body over it to shield it from danger by the exposure of her own person. Luckily, she escaped unhurt, and still lives, and is at present residing in Glasgow. But will it be believed that she never received the smallest token of approbation for her intrepid conduct, and the service which she rendered on that occasion.

The only instance of the kind, exclusive of that now related, that I witnessed in the course of my service, was in the person of a woman, who was the wife of a captain of one of the light companies of our brigade. She had accompanied him through the campaign, exposed to all the dangers and privations attending on such a life, with a devotedness that no other woman could have surpassed. At the battle of Vittoria, when the army was engaged, she was left with the baggage; but hearing from some of the disabled men that the captain was wounded, she mounted her horse and galloped down into the scene of action, regardless of the danger, to seek out and relieve him, wherever he might be. She found him when he had breathed his last, and stopped by him until he was buried.

This was an appalling blow for her; she was left friendless in a strange country, but those who paid her any attention in the captain's life time, now felt no compassion for her; a gold watch, her favourite poney, and all she formerly held dear through her protector, were taken from her, and, a short time after I saw her struggling through the mud on the line of march, with the shoes torn off her feet. She soon after disappeared, but what became of her I do not know.

*Sketches of a Soldier's life in Ireland.*

FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Methought I was seated amongst the ruins of Palmyra; the cool night air of the desert played softly o'er its surface; the stars glittered like diamonds in the spotless firmament, and the pale moon, just rising, shed her silver light on columns and pillars, the only remains of a once powerful city. A raven perched upon the cluster of date trees, (the only ones that had found root in a spot where the hand of God had scattered desolation,) seemed by his mournful notes, to lament over the dreary waste; save his wild notes, there was naught to disturb the quiet of a place once resounding with the busy hum of almost countless multitudes. The scene before me filled my mind with solemn awe; the spirit of melancholy descended upon me, and while meditating upon the fall of empires, the desolation of kingdoms, and the ruin of all that once was great, this enquiry suggested itself in my mind; Why has God permitted these things to be? And I

was ready to call in question his infinite goodness and mercy. He has created man, (said I,) the noblest of all his works; given him power upon earth to subjugate to his will all other animals; reasoning faculties to enable him to search into the secrets of nature, to choose good, and avoid evil; yet has allowed him to perish, as the beast of the field, his name and his work to pass away as the summer cloud, or the sparkling drop of morning that hangs upon the alike perishable leaf. Ere I had proceeded further in my reverie, I was aroused by a dazzling light that burst upon me like a flashing meteor. I looked up and beheld before me an immortal being—prostrating myself before him, I tremblingly awaited his pleasure. Arise, vain mortal, (said he,) that callest in question the wisdom of the Almighty; cast thine eyes around thee, and tell me what thou see'st. I obeyed him, and to my astonishment, I beheld (in place of sandy deserts and mouldering ruins) smiling plains, meandering streams, and a great and populous city. I turned to him and said, tell me, O immortal spirit, why thou hast shewn these wonders to me, or what instruction I am to gain from them. Look again, and thou shalt learn—I looked, and beheld man destroying his fellow being; the spirit of murder, rapine, and plunder, stalked forth from the temples, originally devoted to the worship of God, the heavy hand of the tyrant oppressing the weak and innocent; and when these had gone, others succeeding, committed crimes even worse than those that had gone before them. Nature then resumed her former dark and dreary aspect, and the genius thus spoke; for these iniquities has the Almighty desolated the works of man—for these has he swept with the destroying sismoon, the smiling meads and the bubbling fountains—learn from henceforth not to attempt to arraign his power, his goodness and his mercy; but follow the intimations of that secret monitor, which he has placed in thy bosom. Go seek again the habitations of man, practice the lesson which thou hast been taught, by being permitted to behold what thou hast. Saying thus, he vanished. I started from my slumbers. The vision had fled, but the impression made upon my mind has never been eradicated. In all the trials through which I have passed since then, I have never been tempted to call in question the wisdom of Him who created the heavens and the earth; but have looked forward with the hope of sometime possessing that happiness, which he has promised to all those that follow his holy laws.

*Oriental Hospitality*—Monterokiel, an eastern monarch, used to invite a number of his nobles to an entertainment, and when they were all seated at table, he would turn a wild lion into the room, or, breaking a few of the dishes disclose a number of living scorpions and serpents, which crawled about on the persons of the guests. The latter were forbidden to stir on pain of death. When they were stung or bitten, he cured them by an excellent antidote.

A curious scene took place at a small village near Rome. The person of the village having contributed greatly to the arrest of a robber who infested the neighborhood, the latter, on his examination, declared that the priest was his accomplice, and that he had denounced him out of revenge for some affront. They were both committed to prison.

## DECEPTION.

Towards the close of the last century, resided in the vicinity of Bristol, Mr. Marsden, a gentleman of considerable property and highly respectable connexions. After having long bid defiance to the snares of Cupid, he married in the decline of life, a lady, who, though many years younger than himself and possessed of uncommon beauty, was, nevertheless, from want of fortune, happy to embrace the offer of a match, in which, though love on her part could have very little share, there was abundance for the gratification of her vanity. Her husband's fortune, besides raising her to a state of splendor, which she had never before contemplated, enabled her to provide for many relations of her own, who now looked up to her for protection; and finding the want of a companion, she received into the house a young cousin, whom she brought up under her own eye, in the acquisition of all those accomplishments, calculated to give an additional value to the graces of a person, on which nature had bestowed her choicest gifts. The heart and understanding of the young Matilda were not inferior to her beauty: mild, gentle, and unassuming, she was the idol of the domestics and the neighboring poor; ingenuous, sensible, and well informed, her conversation was the delight of the numerous circle by whom Mr. Marsden was constantly visited. She was now in her seventeenth year, when the old gentleman received into his house, the son of a younger brother, who, having in the course of a life of dissipation, involved himself in irretrievable embarrassment, left the young Amintor at his death, with no other prospect of support than that which was derived from the liberality of his uncle. Unfortunately, such an idea accorded too ill with the prospect of aggrandizement laid down by Mrs. Marsden, in favor of herself and family and, as she had flattered herself with succeeding, on the death of her husband, (which in the course of nature was an event to be shortly expected) the possession of his whole property, she could not behold, without jealousy, the attention he was paying to his nephew, whom she looked upon as a dangerous rival in her fondly cherished hope. Too politic, however, to betray such sentiments, she carefully concealed her fear and her dislike, under the mask of the most friendly concern for the young man's interest: she paid the strictest attention to his comforts, contributed in a variety of ways to his pleasures, and charged her dependent cousin to treat him with all possible respect and attention. Such an injunction was, however, very unnecessary: a short residence beneath the same roof gave birth to a mutual passion, which these imprudent young persons attempted not to control, though sensible that the approbation of their friends would be refused to their union.

Mr. Marsden had frequently hinted to Amintor, the necessity of seeking to repair, by marriage, the deficiency of his fortune; and Matilda knew that her cousin was favorable to the addresses of a young gentleman in the neighborhood, who desired to espouse her; but who, wealth being his only recommendation, she herself regarded with insuperable aversion. The growth of their affection, which a thousand little inadvertencies daily tended to betray, was not unnoticed by Mrs. Marsden; and she would have viewed it with inconceivable pain, had she not perceived in it the means of prejudicing the young Amintor in his uncle's esteem. To this end, she took care to provide herself

with sufficient evidence of the secret interviews in which the lovers indulged at every favorable opportunity; then availing herself of the ascendancy, which (as is usually the case where a union is attended by such disparity of age) she possessed over the mind of her husband, she represented the matter to him in such a light as tended to throw suspicion on Amintor of entertaining views which honor could not sanction. Fired at the indignity which he supposed to have been offered to him by such an abuse of his hospitality, the old gentleman severely upbraided his nephew, and was but little pacified by the assurance which Amintor readily gave, that he entertained no other intention than that of an honorable connexion with the young lady. The idea of a clandestine correspondence, was, in his opinion, under any circumstances, an unpardonable offence. The views entertained by himself and his lady, both for him and the object of his affections, were, he strongly represented, well known to him to be hostile to the accomplishment of his wishes, and he therefore insisted on his giving him a solemn promise to relinquish the prosecution of what he termed his Quixotic scheme on pain of immediately losing his protection.

Amintor, whose notions of love were, indeed, of the most romantic kind, repelled with scorn an attention to his interest which must be obtained by the sacrifice of his fidelity; he therefore firmly, though respectfully, informed his uncle, that, grateful as he felt for his former favors, and much as it grieved him to relinquish his esteem, he found it impossible to comply with his demands. Then, having received from him a small sum of money, together with letters of introduction to some merchants of respectability, he set out, a few days after, fully determined never more to correspond with persons by whom he imagined he had been so illiberally treated. Previously, however, to leaving the house, he obtained a parting interview with his mistress, in which he assured her he would persevere in eternal constancy, and that, should fortune prosper his undertakings, he would make it his first object to free her from her dependant situation. He then arranged with her a plan of private correspondence, which an old housekeeper who had long lived in the family, and who professed the utmost devotion to the "dear children," as she termed them, had promised to facilitate, by receiving letters under cover to herself.

On his arrival in London, the talents of Amintor speedily recommended him to the service, and his zeal and assiduity, to the peculiar esteem of Mr. Elmore, an eminent merchant in the city, by whom he was entrusted with the management of some of his important affairs. With all the impatience of youthful, ardent love, the young man hastened to communicate to his mistress, the account of his favorable prospects: and as he had no reason to suspect the fidelity of his agent, was overhelmed with astonishment, when, instead of the ardently expected reply from Matilda, he received a letter from the confidante, in which she informed him, with many expressions of regret for his disappointment, that the young lady had, since his departure, yielding to the rigid treatment which her cousin's resentment had subjected her, solemnly promised never more to correspond with him; and had, therefore, commissioned her to inform him, that she begged he would refrain from addressing her any more. This was, indeed a severe trial for Amintor; he had offend-

ed a kind relation; he had given up the prospect of fortune, without one moment's regret for the sacrifice; and now that he expected, in full confidence, the reward of his disinterested conduct, in the evidence of her unshaken constancy, great was his indignation at finding himself rejected by her for whom he had done so much. For a long while he was inconsolable, and the idea of Matilda, unworthy as he thought her, still haunted his imagination, still mingled in every act of business or of pleasure. Time, however, the most effectual of all balsams to a bleeding heart, and which, while life's hopes are young, seldom fails to moderate the fiercest grief, wore out the recollection of his misfortune.

He had passed two years in London, without the slightest communication from any person who could apprise him of what was passing in his uncle's family, when one evening at the theatre he found himself in a box, in the front row of which were seated two ladies, in company with a gentleman of their acquaintance. The latter at the request of his fair friends, had left them for an instant for the purpose of procuring some fruit, when a gentleman, in a state of inebriation, entered the box, and taking possession of the vacant seat, addressed himself to the ladies in a style of freedom which they vainly endeavored to suppress by a remonstrance on its impropriety. Amintor immediately interposed in their defence, so severely and indignantly reprobated the conduct of the intruder, that he had retired from the box, after demanding Amintor's card, with threats of calling him to account for what he termed his presumption, before the ladies were rejoined by their friend. This gentleman, whose name was Willmore, learning what had passed, thanked Amintor for his gallantry, but insisted that, as the ladies were under his protection, the quarrel was his own, and stated his wish to answer any demand for satisfaction which the boisterous assailant might think proper to make. Amintor would not allow Mr. Willmore to interest himself in the quarrel, further than accompanying him to the ground. Amintor, before he left the house, received a message in compliance with which, a meeting took place the following morning. The result was unfortunate to the high spirited youth, who was borne off the field wounded, though not so seriously as to cause him any long confinement. As soon as his health permitted him to stir out, Sir George Stanmore, the father of the young ladies, in whose behalf he had so gallantly exposed himself, and who, on the very first intimation of the circumstance, had hastened to express to him his sense of the obligation, invited him to his house, in order, as he said, that his fair friends might personally return him the thanks he so well deserved.

Sir George Stanmore was a man, proud of the advantages of elevated birth, and an intimate acquaintance with the most polished circles; and was slow to acknowledge merit in any one who could not boast a long line of illustrious ancestors: it was, therefore, with much satisfaction that he found the "heroic young clerk," as he at first designated Amintor, was the descendant of an ancient and respectable family. He shortly intimated to him, that if he felt an inclination for a military life, his own interest, which in that department he knew to be considerable, should be immediately exerted to procure him a commission, and at all future opportunities, to obtain his advancement in the service. The proposal was by no means disagree-

able to Amintor, who, had he consulted his own inclination, would immediately have embraced the liberal offer of Sir George, but he was withheld by the remonstrances of Mr. Elmore, who expressed the greatest unwillingness to be deprived of his assistance, and held out to him such liberal prospects for the future, as, coupled with the recollection of the favors which the worthy man had already conferred on him, induced him to relinquish the gay phantom of glory which had begun to dazzle his imagination, for the more solid advantages presented by a life of commercial prosperity. The refusal of his proffered friendship, though delivered with all the delicacy which was calculated to render it the less offensive, was highly displeasing to Sir George, who retraced his favorable opinion, and ever entertained a decided contempt for the young man, which all the efforts of politeness could not dissemble on those occasions on which he ventured to repeat his visits. Amintor was by no means insensible to the change, and would no longer have abominated in a house where his company was displeasing to its master, had not a powerful inducement drawn him to the spot.

(To be continued.)

## THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1826.

**Publick Libraries**—In a community of free and enlightened people, where every citizen hopes, and has a right to expect to see his children capable of holding public offices, and becoming not only useful but prominent men, a well selected publick library is of vital importance. It gives to youth a taste for reading before the mind becomes wholly occupied with frivolous pursuits, and if a bad taste has been acquired it corrects it, and gives solid viands a zest where the palate has become vitiated by lighter reading. A book-case filled with history and elementary works, is an intellectual world to the expanding mind—a magnet to draw the germs of intellect from their natural obscurity, and give early intimations of genius, and to polish the talents with which nature has blessed them. Let us look at our own minds—what authors have made the deepest impressions there? was it those conned at middle age, or in after life, when the sensibilities have become blunted, and the mind is occupied with business or pleasure?—or was it the perusals of your youthful days, when conception would hardly allow you to grasp their meaning and young idea was incredulous—when every thing was novel? Let us look at a confirmed, enthusiastick novel reader, and we shall find that nine out of ten of them acquired this taste for fabulous tales when young—that it was for want of other books, or because they had no one to select for them. And where do we see one that was trained up to novels, quitting them in age? Do we not see the mechanick, destitute of any knowledge of history, or even of the geography of his own country, spending his leisure hours over Sinbad and Munchausen, if not books of a more pernicious tendency—the romantick girl, now a wife, perhaps a mother, who should begin to think of declining age, pouring over a love-sick tale, while her domestick concerns are neglected.

But above all, we should inculcate a love of books, because it will keep your children from bad company, and prevent an acquirement of dissipated habits. It will turn their attention from pleasure and their feet from

the paths of vice. It will curb the passions, and check that roving propensity, the seeds of which are found in a greater or less degree, in every breast. It enlarges the understanding and expands the views—it affords a view of society, and the power of distinguishing between the good and the bad—it excites a worthy emulation, a proper pride—it gives to man a correct knowledge of his own importance, and leads him, devoutly to the throne of his Creator.

The head of every family, cannot be expected to supply for its members so extensive a collection of books, as he could wish to see in their hands. It would be impossible in some cases, and imprudent in more; but there is no town or village, so poor that it could not furnish a library of historical, political, classical and useful miscellaneous works. And with so many inducements as are held out—the benefit of our children—the preservation of the morals of those we most love—the honour of the name which our fathers gave us, and which we would hand unsullied down to posterity, it would hardly seem possible for any community to be destitute of a well selected, judiciously managed, and extensive PUBLIC LIBRARY.—*Northern Star.*

Messrs. N. & R.

**GENTLEMEN**—If the following Acrostic upon your Casket is worthy a place in your columns, you will by inserting it, please a subscriber.

### ACROSTIC.

L ong, long may you flourish a source of much pleasure,  
I n story and song, and abound in rich treasure;  
T he efforts of genius bring forth to our view;  
E xplore ev'ry fountain, both ancient and new;  
R eveal to our minds the dark sayings of old,  
A nd the pathway of wisdom before us unfold.  
R evive ev'ry soul that's desponding and dull;  
Y ield comfort and joy to the heart that is full;  
C ommune with the poets of all nations and tongues,  
A nd select from such writings as Thompson's and  
Y oung's.  
S earch ev'ry old corner for rubbish in piles,  
K ept year after year, in newspaper files;  
E stend to our minds things long since consign'd  
T o a world of oblivion, by most of mankind. S.

## VARIETY.

**A Turkish Fable**.—A Grand Seignor caused his Vizier's arm to be cut off, and proclaimed that the arm should be thrown up, and whoever caught it falling should succeed in the Vizier's place; but upon terms to be served the same sauce at a year's end. When the crowd was come together to catch his arm, one man, more diligent and dexterous than the rest, caught it. So he was vizier; and at the year's end, his right arm was cut off, and thrown up as before, and he himself with his left arm caught it again; and after his second year his left arm was cut off and thrown up, and he caught it with his mouth. This is to show what men will suffer to gain a pre-eminence over others.

A quaint writer of sentences in the *Galaxy* says, "I have seen women so delicate, that they were afraid to ride, for fear the horse might run away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might overset; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married."

The celebrated Dr. Goldsmith, in writing to his brother respecting the education of a son, expresses himself in the following strong terms, as he himself had written a novel: "Above all things, never let your son touch a romance or a novel. These paint beauty in colors more charming than nature; and describe happiness that man

never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness, which never existed; to despise the little good fortune has mixed with our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave, and, in general, the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept. Take my word for it; I say that such books teach us very little of the world."

A beggar asked Dr. Smollet for alms; he gave him, through mistake, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; upon which, Smollet returned it to him, with another guinea as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, "What a lodging Honesty has taken up with!"

**All Hot**—The following practical joke occurred at Mr. —'s house in Grosvenor-square. Parr being there on a visit, and a warm bath having at his request been prepared for him, his attention was directed to two bells in the room; one of which, he was told, was for *hot*, and the *cold* for cold water. Mr. — had, however, given orders, that upon the ringing of either of the bells, a fresh supply of *hot* water should be poured in. Parr, when in the bath, thinking it too warm, immediately rang, what he had been told, was the cold water bell, and waited for a minute or two, expecting the heat to diminish. Finding, to his great surprise, the water hotter than before, and thinking that he had pulled the wrong bell, he rang the other as hard as possible. But this only increased the evil by producing a reinforcement of hot water; until, at length, the heat became so intolerable that he jumped out of the bath in a passion, exclaiming, "Good God! do they mean to boil me?" "No, Doctor," said Mr. —, who was listening on the other side of the door, "I only intend that you shall be *par-boiled*."—*A pupil's Recollections of Dr. Parr.*

**A Buenos Ayres Dandy**.—The postmaster was something of an exquisite, for a person of his stamp, or a gaucho fino; he was a fine active fellow, a native of Buenos Ayres, quite *au fait* in the art of breeding and training horses; most expert in the use of the lasso, and especially of the bolas, which he always carried round his waist; his address was pleasing; his countenance expressed gaiety and good humour, his carriage was graceful; he was dressed in a small blue jacket, with a double row of round gilt buttons, and a little narrow brimmed black hat; his scarlet fringed poncho, doubled, was tied round him like a petticoat, by his long green sash which folded round his waist; he had white calico trowsers, with a deep fringe at the bottom, but he had neither stockings nor shoes; mounted on horseback, he was a subject for a painter.—*Mier's Travels in Chile and La Plata.*

**Advantage of having a bad Wife**.—The celebrated Haydo delighted in telling the origin of his good fortune, which he said he owed entirely to a bad wife.—When he was first married, he said, finding no remedy against domestic squabbles, he used to quit his bed half, and go and enjoy himself with his good friends, who were Hungarians and Germans, for weeks together.—Once, having returned home after a considerable absence, his wife, while he was in bed next morning, followed her husband's example; she did even more, for she took all his clothes, even to his shoes, stockings, and small clothes, nay, every thing he had, along with her. Thus situated, he was under the necessity of doing something to cover his nakedness; and this, he himself acknowledged, was the first cause of his seriously applying himself to the profession which has since made his name immortal. He used to laugh, saying, "I was from that time so habituated to study, that my wife, often fearing it would injure me, would threaten me with the same operation, if I did not go out and amuse myself;" but then, added he, "I was grown old, and she was sick, and no longer jealous"—*Lambette's Secret Memoirs of the French Court.*

During the years devoted to their education, such books ought to be put into the hands of the young, as are best calculated to call forth, strengthen, and direct aright the susceptibilities and powers of the mind and the heart; the acquisition of knowledge by various reading, belongs to after life.—*Quintilian.*

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection she had to an union with him, was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the following ingenious and delicate complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

The Sphinx was a great riddle maker. According to the fable, she was half a woman and half a lion. She lived near Thebes, and to every body that came, she proposed a riddle; and if they did not find it out, she devoured them. At length Oedipus came, and she asked him—"what is that animal which walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?"—Oedipus answered Man:—in childhood, which is the morning of life, he crawls on his hands and feet: in the middle age, which is noon, he walks on two; in old age he leans on a crutch, which serves for a supplementary third foot."

*Lord Littleton's opinion of Literary Ladies.*

"Except in a few instances, I am not very partial to literary ladies: They are, generally, of an impertinent and encroaching disposition: and almost always bring into my mind the Female Astronomer, who, after applying her nocturnal telescope for long series of months, and raising the jealousy as well as the expectations of the female star-gazers, declared her only object was to discover whether there were *Men in the Moon.*"

A Quaker in Philadelphia, wanting to buy some oysters, requested the oysterman to leave two or three bushels at his house. "Pray Sir," said the oysterman, "what might your name be?" "It might be Beelzebub," replied the friend; "but it taint."

*Cattle.*—Among the fashionable arrivals at Cowes, we are bound to notice Mr. and Mrs. Cowdry, Major Bullock, Dr. and Mrs. Cowan, the Rev. Mr. Ox-berry, Sir T. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, Mr. Butcher, Captain Hyde, and the Miss Skinners.—*N. Y. Enquirer.*

Mr. Black, bookseller of Tavistock-street, has been bound over for beating one of his errand boys blue.—ib.

**WALKING STICKS.** Walking sticks first began to be a requisite appendage to the gentleman of fashion about the year 1655, at which time they were formed with an indented head, in order to afford a more easy pressure of the hand which they supported. Ingenuity, which in matters of fashion is forever on the alert, now crowned it with the addition of round and hollow top, which sometimes contained nutmeg or ginger, to warm the stomach of the valetudinarian, and sometimes sugar-candy for the asthmatic; but snuff soon after coming into universal use among the *bon ton* of society, the cavity was exclusively appropriated for its reception: and the meeting of two friends was invariably marked, after the first salutation, by the unscrewing of the tops of their walking sticks.

*Criticism of a Sultan.*—John Bellino, who was, with justice, highly esteemed by his countrymen, the Venetians, obtained leave from the Senate to make a journey to Constantinople, in order to paint some pictures for Mahomed, the insatiate of conquest, who had made a request to the Republic to that effect. After Bellino had arrived there, and finished one, he was desired to make a representation of the beheading of John. Mahomed visited the artist while he was employed upon this piece, and complained that the neck was not like that of a trunk deprived of the head. In order to show the justice of the remark, he caused one of his slaves to be brought to the place, and beheaded in the presence of the astonished painter, who made use of every entreaty, in vain, to prevent this unmanly *argumentum ad hominem*.—*Hesperus.*

*Anecdote of a Horse.*—It has been remarked that man may not unfrequently take lessons of duty even from a brute. The following singular circumstance which we have from good authority, places the observation in bold and striking relief.

Mr. John McCue, of this county had a number of horses in one of his pasture fields lately, where owing to the long drought, there was no water; and, for accommodation in this respect he opened a communica-

tion into a field on the opposite side of his lane, and thence, through several fences, down to a permanent stream. While turning out the horses one day, as was usual, for the purpose of watering them, it was observed that a horse, which had gone blind shortly before, missed his way, and strayed a considerable distance up the lane, while the other horses passed on to the water, and returned to the place where they had entered the outer field. An old horse, who had been the companion of the poor blind wanderer, seeing his predicament, went to him—conducting him gently down to the water, and back to the place where the others were feeding. The whole of the horses then moved across the lane into the fields from whence they came, it being the best pasture.—*Staunton (Vir.) Spectator.*

When Fielding had finished his Novel of *Tom Jones* being much distressed, he sold it to an obscure bookseller for 25s. on condition of being paid on a certain given day. In the mean time, he showed the manuscript to Thompson, the Poet, who was immediately struck with its great merit, and advised Fielding by all means to get free from the bargain, which he did without much difficulty, as the bookseller was not capable of estimating the value of his purchase. Thompson recommended the work to Andrew Miller, and the parties met at a tavern over a beef-steak and a bottle.—Miller began with saying, "Mr. Fielding, I always determine on affairs of this sort at once, and never change my offer. I will not give one farthing more than two hundred pounds." "Two hundred pounds?" cries Fielding—"Yes," says the other, "and not one farthing more." Fielding, whose surprise arose from joy, and not disappointment, shook him by the hand, sealed the bargain, and ordered in two bottles of wine. Miller got a very large sum by the sale of the book. He at different times during his life assisted Fielding with 2500*l.* which debt he cancelled in his will.

The trifling train of female sparklers, may be compared to the dew-drops which glitter in a May morning, and spread their colours to the solar rays, but which are scattered by the air. They both charm while they last, but they are only the charms of a moment.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, at a trial during one of his circuits was strongly implored for mercy by one of the malefactors, who besought compassion for the reason that he was a kin to my lord. "Prithee," said Sir Nicholas, "how came that about?" "Why an it please you, sir," replied the fellow, "your name is Bacon, and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been nearly allied." "Ay," said the judge, "but Hog does not become Bacon till it is hung."

"This way, this way," roared a son of Crispin, on Friday, as he stood before his stall in Castle street, Aberdeen, "this way, if you buy here you'll buy agin." "Nae doubt o't, and it winna be lang thairill," answered a country fellow who was passing, holding up his foot, and discovering his shoe, the sole and uppers of which had parted company; "there's wi naught days' wear, ye botch!"

"What objection can you have to me?" (said a wife of Bath to her husband,) it is absolutely impossible for two people to be more of one mind—you want to be master and so do I."

A London Journalist, ridiculing the pretended proofs of the authorship of the Letters of Junius, states that there is great reason to believe that they are to be ascribed to the late facetious Suet, the comedian, because when asked on his death bed, whether he was the author of Junius, he did not deny it.

*True Pun.*—During the cry of *Goold! Goold!* (the name of the manager) at the opera house, London, a Frenchman in the gallery observed, "Dese English be ever crying for *de monsieur*."

An account of Lord Byron's voyage to the Sandwich Islands, is preparing for the press in London. Among the curiosities and reliques brought home, was the dagger with which Capt. Cook was assassinated.

TECHNICAL LOVE LETTER.

Dear Miss Brockman—My heart has given me notice of set-off. It attempted to sue out a *ne ezeat*, but failed. Your image, aided by a *posse comitatus* of accomplishments, has entered and taken possession of my bosom, after ejecting the aforesaid tenant. Think not that I am pleading a sham plea. I can assure you, my passion savours of the reality. It is my wish that you and I be jointly and severally bound by Hymen in a fidelity bond to Cupid, determinable, nevertheless, on the demise of either party. I meant to have written to you yesterday; but my ink can up and down, and secreted itself in my new patent ink-stand. Pray accept a declaration *nunc pro tunc*, and plead thereto issuable in four days; and believe that my attachment, unlike those in the Mayor's Court, is incapable of being set aside on the coming in of answer. Dated this 20th day of September, 1825. Your loving friend,

THOMAS TEMPLETON.

MASONIC.

The Institution of Freemasonry in New-Hampshire, within the last two or three years, has nearly doubled its numbers. While some of the elder Lodges lack the vigor of twenty years ago, and lose somewhat of the *esprit du corps* which formerly distinguished them, young Lodges rise up in various directions whose recently initiated members surpass in perfect workmanship those who have gone before. Since the annual Convention of the Grand Lodge of New-Hampshire in June last, four new Lodges have been consecrated under her jurisdiction. The interesting ceremonies of consecration of *St. Mark's Lodge* No. 44, at Londonderry, took place on Thursday last at the elegant village near the Adams Female Academy: R. W. Samuel Cushman officiated as Grand Master, assisted by other Brethren composing the Grand Lodge. Prayers were offered by Rt. W. and Rev. William K. Talbot, Grand Chaplain, and an address was delivered by R. W. and Rev. Thomas Beede, of which, to those acquainted with his talents for performances of this kind and the excellent and benevolent feelings of his heart as a Mason and a Christian, it would be unnecessary for us to speak in the language of commendation. The fine performances by the musical choir added much to the effect of the solemn ceremonies of consecration and induction. The audience, preserving great decorum and profound attention, filled the large meeting house to overflowing: the young ladies of the Female Academy with the numerous fair daughters of one of the most opulent agricultural towns of the State, adorned the house with Beauty; Strength was indicated in the healthy faces of her young men; and Wisdom shone in the countenance of all. After the services the Fraternity retired to the well provided dinner by Mr. Bly: at the table the following sentiments were given.

By the Grand Master officiating.—*St. MARK'S LODGE.* May time mark its increasing usefulness, and every member receive the rich reward of a Saint.

By the officiating Deputy Grand Master.—That heavenly Charity so vividly depicted in the discourse delivered this day, and which in this free country unites all denominations in religion, and all opinions in politics; but which finds no place in the breast of a tyrant Autocrat who expels from his dominions alike the Bible and Masonic Lodges.—*N. H. Patriot.*

## THE WREATH.

FOR THE LITERARY CASKET.

I saw a mother bending o'er her son,  
Where all her fondest, dearest hopes did rest,  
While in her looks, her motions, and her actions too,  
Appeared a wish that he were old enough  
To speak and tell, that he loved her.  
She softly patted on his youthful cheek,  
And pressed his little limbs to her's  
With all the ardour of a mother's love.  
—Shortly he left the cradle, and tottering  
Round, on tiptoe, learned to lisp  
Sweetly, in broken accents, his mother's name.  
Next I saw, in youthful glee, the boy,  
Merrily driving the hoop or ball, still  
The object of his mother's fondest hope.  
His eyes were bright, and many a smile arose  
Upon his youthful, lovely, rosy cheek,  
Which seem'd as if some angel's hand  
O'er it had drawn the downy pencil.

Next came on manhood, but the one,  
I saw in youth so lovely, so promising  
To gratify his mother's brightest hope,  
Was changed, for vice and dissipation  
Had fixed on him their aim, and he  
Was wounded by their darts.—

    \* \* \* \* \*  
I saw his mother bend her aged knee—  
Pour forth a fervent prayer—and drop  
O'er him a silent tear. "Oh, why,"  
Cried she, "did I live, my son, to see  
Thee thus disgrace thyself and father's name?  
When in the cradle, a smiling babe  
Thou didst lie, how little did I think  
As I gazed upon thy small dark eyes  
And dimpled chin, that in some future day  
On thy fair white cheek, I should perceive  
That florid glow that now so plain is seen,  
Or from those guiltless lips should hear  
Such awful oaths as they now roar!  
But so it is my God, my sun  
Of happiness has set, and time  
Has ravaged me and has not left  
One trace of that which I once was.  
Oh, my son! I would to God that ere  
Thou hadst been born, thy mother  
Was sleeping by thy father's side!"

PENOA.

## AN ACRONTIC.

Storms kiss the clouds above,  
An I zephyrs kiss the flowers,  
Streams kiss their banks—and love,  
Love kisses hearts like ours.  
Since all nature then is kissing,  
Why should we alone be missing?  
Come, my dear, ere life be spent,  
Let us kiss and be content.

## THE CHANGE.

No more, no more, why should I dream  
Dreams that I know are vain?  
Why trust the future, when the past  
I would not live again?

Affection,—'tis the glittering wealth  
Of snow-work in the sun;  
Pleasure,—the rocket's shining course,  
Ended ere well begun.

Hop—the false music, luring where  
The syren Sorrow dwells;

And Praise—a very mockery,  
The chime of the fool's bells.  
And yet, alas! for the fond time  
When I believed all this,—  
Although 'twas nothing but a dream,  
At least the dream was bliss.  
The heart is like those fairy rings,  
Where all of green has died;  
Yet there, they say, the tiny race  
By moonlight went to ride.  
We hold to that gay creed no more—  
Gone in the elfin reign;  
Yet, surely, such fair visions fled  
Is more of loss than gain.  
But thus it is, as years pass on,  
Even with our own heart;  
We see the visions, one by one,  
Of early youth depart.

L. E. L.

## ON BURNING A LOVE-LETTER.

I took the scroll, I could not brook  
An eye should gaze on it, save mine,  
I could not bear another's look  
Should dwell on any words of thine.  
My taper glimmered by my side,  
I held the letter to the flame,  
I mark'd the blaze quick o'er it glide  
It did not even spare thy name.  
But as the light its embers past,  
I felt so sad to see it die—  
So light at first, so sad at last—  
I thought it was love's history.

## THE JOY OF GRIEVE.

Sweet are the tears which soothe the troubled mind,  
Descending as the kindly dews of Heaven;  
When bush'd the tempest, sunk the stormy wind,  
The earth receives the cooling blessing given.

There is a melancholy charm in grief,  
When bitterness is past from human woe;—  
Fullness of sorrow yields the heart relief—  
And peace infuses in the tear-drop's flow—

There is a holy softness on the mind,  
When anguish first subsiding sinks to calm;—  
And hope returning to the soul resigned,  
Presents to every grief her potent balm.

Oh! never did fortune's brighter day,  
Present an hour so sadly sweet as this;  
When pensiveness dissolves the soul away—  
And melancholy grants the mourner bliss!

## HOPE—THE BENIGN STAR.

Long, long, 'neath the willow  
I've made my lone pillow,  
Enervated and pallid with sorrow;  
And the prospect in view  
Was clouded, and threw  
Chill damps on the hopes of to-morrow.

But, in th' vista afar,  
I behold a bright star,  
My life's bleak horizon adorning;  
And hope seems to say,  
That its earliest ray  
Was the dawn of a glorious morning.

Like the sailor-boy, cast  
To and fro by the blast,  
In the midst of a merciless ocean,  
Oft, oft, in my dreams,  
I've beheld the bright gleams,  
Of a Light-house with anxious emotion.

And I start, even now,  
With cold damp on my brow,  
With the thought that the star's a delusion,

Though its life-giving rays,  
And its soul-cheering blaze,  
Are too warm for a meteor's illusion.

Rise, brilliant star, rise,  
And disperse from the skies,  
The dark low'ring herald of sorrow;  
And with influence benign,  
On my soul brightly shine,  
And fulfil all my hopes of to-morrow.

## HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING.

TO THE ALMIGHTY LORD, we raise  
Our hearts and hands in prayer and praise:  
For all thy mercies plead and prove  
Thy word is true, that—*God is love.*

How many dangers, woes and fears  
Have pass'd like dreams of other years—  
How many blessings from above,  
Sound, as they fall, that—*God is love.*

That Pestilence, whose venom'd breath  
Infus'd the very life of death,  
The voice of Mercy bade "remove,"  
And thus proclaimed, that—*God is love.*

The beauteous products of the soil,  
The rich reward of honest toil,  
To praise the Lord our tongues shall move,  
For these attest, that—*God is love.*

Freedom her golden gift extends  
To us, her faithful chosen friends;  
The breeze of Health waves ev'ry grove,  
And gently whispers—*God is love.*

Serene her night around us pours;  
Religion triumphs—Faith adores;  
While Peace, the heavenly turtle-dove,  
Coos in soft strains, that—*God is love.*

Men gain little by philosophy, but the means to speak  
probably of every thing and to make themselves admired by the less knowing.—*Descartes.*

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